

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

MORE ABOUT THAT KANSAS JUDGESHIP.

The Eagle's protest against the appointment of a corporation attorney to the federal judgeship, for the district of Kansas, seems to have been misinterpreted, in a sense. No reflection on the honesty or ability of any one was intended. In fact, we refrained from mentioning names in the editorial referred to, but which has elicited, it seems, considerable comment. The Eagle is simply opposed to appointing railway or other corporation attorneys, whatever their ability or experience as lawyers, to life tenure judgeships. That the people are with us in this matter we have not the least doubt, probably well nigh unanimously with us, and for the reasons set forth in the editorial referred to.

Kansas' senators and representatives are to hold a conference today at the capital of the state, for the purpose of trying to agree on a man to recommend to the president to succeed Judge Hook. It is our information that Senator Burton will urge Chas. Blood Smith, and that Senator Long will favor Mr. Loomis. It is further stated that Mr. Mulvane, the Kansas national committee man, has gone on to Washington to personally urge upon the president the appointment of Smith. Again in this candidature the names of Glend and Ware, Doster and of probably other corporation lawyers have been mentioned, if not urged. All these gentlemen are able lawyers, are in fact men of eminent ability, are of the highest moral character, and all that. If they were not, they would never have been retained and employed by railway and other corporations who in seeking out and engaging the best talent, are able to pay the highest fees and salaries. We respect, and highly, all the gentlemen named, and therefore the objection is not a personal one, nor in a party sense a political one.

One of the most sharply defined issues of the near future, and which is now imminent, an issue which will not only involve political parties, but politics in a higher sense, and which must inevitably reach the higher courts for adjudication, is the one between capital and labor, between railways and their enforced patrons, between corporate power and the rights of the individual citizen. In this oncoming contest the people and corporations alike will be compelled, finally, to submit to the findings of the higher courts. Little matter what the congress or other legislative bodies may enact, or how plainly they may provide, the higher courts in the end interpret and determine. This being true, no lawyer identified with the interests of a corporation, no attorney for a railway, has any business on a federal or on a supreme bench. His preconceptions, his training, his former efforts in behalf of his clientele, must influence, if not prejudice and dominate, him or otherwise he would have to be more than human.

If it is true that our senior senator is for Smith, and our junior senator for Loomis, here's hoping that both may be found sustaining their reputations as stayers, to the end that the president may be left free to appoint a successor to Judge Hook on his own merits, to appoint such a man as the railway and other corporation managements shall respect and in whom the public can place the highest confidence.

ANOTHER STATEHOOD MOVEMENT.

A meeting of representative Oklahoma Republicans, held at Guthrie, on Monday, overwhelmingly decided on immediate statehood, which action may make of the statehood question a party issue. A statehood convention has been determined upon by the territorial Republican central committee, and for some time this fall. Among other conclusions arrived at is the determination not to get mixed up with the efforts of other territories for admission. A circular address to the members of congress was decided upon, in which all the facts and happenings of the past, together with the present status of things, are to be set forth. The resolve of the committee that Oklahoma is entitled to statehood, by every law of sense and justice, will hardly be questioned by any one, in or out of congress. Statehood has not been held back because of any lack or want upon the part of the territory or its people, but because the majority of congress has not been convinced that statehood does not mean greater things for the future of all concerned, than double statehood. That there is territory enough, and population and wealth sufficient for two prosperous states is conceded. Aside from the politics involved it has been a question of future greatness with congress, not of present fitness or of the reasonableness of the demand. However, the conviction here is that should the Republican party of Oklahoma satisfy congress that the new state will be Republican, the act of admission will be passed the coming session, but probably with a provision for the absorption of the Indian Territory, by piecemeal, in the course of time, or as rapidly as the Indian interests of each tribal section shall have been finally and permanently settled.

TOO FEW JOE BRISTOWS.

The Washington Post, an independent newspaper, noted for bestowing both approval or condemnation where they are deserved, without fear or hope of reward, closes an editorial article on the subject of postoffice investigation with the following words:

"Mr. Bristow reveals himself to the country as one responsible official who deals in neither evasion nor concealment. He is a man who recognizes his obligations as a public servant. He has no compulsion to shield, no friends, protectors, or dependents who need fear the light. It is a great pity, a cause of universal sorrow and regret, that the government has so few Bristows in its service."

The remainder of the article follows:

"This long-expected and anxiously-awaited document has at last been given to the public. Just why it was withheld so long we leave to the imagination of the public. Every vague and halting statement that could be procured in any quarter to disparage and repudiate the Tullock charges was set forth with notable ability. We heard much about 'grandstand plays' and 'his act' and so on, while the Bristow report was carefully withheld in camera, and the country was encouraged to dismiss Mr. Tullock as a discharged employe with a reference and discount his accusations as the spite work of a disappointed and discredited outsider. But Mr. Bristow has at last been permitted to communicate with the public, and his message will receive a thoroughly respectful audience."

"Leaving the individual to examine this remarkable disclosure according to the measure of his personal interest in governmental affairs, we content ourselves for the moment with indicating a few of its more salient and suggestive features. When Mr. Tullock's allegations first transpired they were contemptuously brushed in high official quarters as the revengeful ruminations of an outcast. It now appears that Mr. Tullock called attention to the abuses while he was in office and under no apprehension of removal. He protested, therefore, in his character as a responsible officer of the government cognizant of the fact, and in a position to direct any honest inquiry in the interests of truth. In the course of his letter of last month referring to Mr. Tullock's charges, and given out to the end of their refutation, former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith said, in effect, that he had set on foot an investigation, with the result of discovering no irregularities of importance. Mr. Bristow shows, however, that the alleged 'refutations' were brought to his attention; that he found them worthy of inquiry and certified to Postmaster General Smith his approval of the proposed investigation. It seems beyond question, then, that Mr. Tullock's complaints were uttered while he was still in office and as a simple matter of duty, and that Mr. Bristow, who now confirms them in all important respects notified Mr. Smith of their character and immutability."

"The Bristow report now before the country leaves nothing in doubt so far as it concerns the ground covered by his survey. It is refreshing contrast with Postmaster General Payne's astonishing suggestion that all those nauseous revelations are in essence so many indictments of our martyred president, William McKinley—a suggestion so groundless, so fantastic, so grotesque, as to be unworthy of consideration."

A FRANK ADMISSION.

For a frank admission that the negro is robbed of his vote in the south, commend us to the Observer of Charlotte, N. C. It takes up the phrase about the ballot being only a "bauble" for colored men, and admits that it is now regularly taken out of his hands in the southern states. It was done at first by force and fraud, but "this method became monotonous and distasteful, to such an extent that a constitutional amendment which would legally accomplish what had hitherto been done by illegal means was adopted." But the question whether it was legally accomplished is not yet decided. Nor is the question whether the penalty laid down by the constitution for such abridgements of the suffrage shall be imposed. These considerations lead an uncommonly grotesque air to the proposal that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments shall now be repealed. It is very like a criminal asking for the repeal of the law under which he is to be tried.

For the Eagle.

KANSAS PLAINS OF WHEAT.

I hear the sound of the sickle, and the sound is music sweet. As harvesters gather the ripened grain from our Kansas plains of wheat. Our golden plains of wheat, stretching for miles away, waving and tossing all gleefully 'neath the Kansas sun today. Bidding the wolf to hide his head, hide in very shame. For the golden plains of Kansas wheat has made the giant wolf tame; Has given our farmers gold to keep and gold to give away; Has builded homes, has builded schools, and the houses where we pray; Has laid the track for the iron horse to carry the tons of wheat. That Kansas cannot use at home, where the waiting millions greet. To the crowded cities of the east, where want and sorrow hide. To load the stately steamships fleet that ocean billows ride. Stretching away, our plains of wheat, stretching to foreign shores, Kansas feeds them far and wide, and yet has wealth in store. For the golden plains of Kansas stand a Rothschild hard to beat. And never a want or care can bid near our golden plains of wheat. Over the waving golden grain, singing a song of joy, Sifted down for the farmer's girl, shoes for his bare-foot boy. Carriage line, and autos, too, the Kansas farmers own. Music and mirth their homesteads grace, and life has happy tone. No mortgage now, the farmer has a bank book fat instead. And from his bounteous storehouse gives the sick and needy bread. The Kansas farmer proudly stands before the world again. A worthy host he is, indeed, of all this golden plain. His house is free from care; his step has light and easy swing. Prosperity doth claim him now—the past has lost its sting. No digout now, or breaking plow; instead, a home complete. Since death his gaze is stretched away the Kansas plains of wheat. Wichita, Kan. MONNIE MOORE LATHAM.

New Orleans has passed New York in the extent of her grain shipments during the past ten months, and will very likely hold the primacy from this time. Her shipments were about 23,000,000 bushels against 21,000,000 bushels from New York. Baltimore is a close third and Galveston is the fourth on the list.

The cedar beetle, which was carried down from western Kansas in great numbers by the late flood, got in its work on the low pipe lines and other machinery of the Kansas City water works, which are left badly crippled, and heavy wood pilings rot and the like are being substituted for the ruined and worthless iron ones.

A writer in the New York Sun makes fun of Senator Burton's proposition to store the flood waters of the Missouri and its tributaries for irrigation purposes. It would prove as impossible to corral a flood as it would be to round up the clouds or larlat a cyclone.

Karapetevitch, now King Peter, had a hand in the conspiracy which landed the crown of Serbia on his worthy head. Now it is a certainty.

Everybody thought there was little doubt that Prince Karapetevitch, now King Peter, had a hand in the conspiracy which landed the crown of Serbia on his worthy head. Now it is a certainty.

The indications are that the postoffice crookedness now being unearthed originated or started under Cleveland's last administration. It is too bad to thus disturb Grover's equanimity.

Very few permanent or solid buildings at either Kansas City, North Lawrence or North Topeka were damaged. It was the little shacks which were swept away.

And now Eliza, a short-grass county, is going to harvest three millions of bushels of wheat, which puts her among the record breakers.

The next regular racket down on the program for the devoted people of this republic is the Fourth of July, but a couple of weeks off.

Harvest hands are only commanding \$4 per day with board and lodging. What's the matter with a harvester's union and a strike?

PASSING THE BUTTER.

"Then, why did you pass the butter?" he asked intensely. "I don't know," she said slowly, looking down the stairway. "But you must know," he persisted. "I did not mean anything," faltering. "Then, why?" "I only wanted to be let alone." "Then why, let me ask, did you pass me the butter?" There was the inflexibility of fate in his tones. "I thought you wanted it." And again she glanced uneasily down the stairway from her prison high her hand. "I did want it," he said, "but it was an advance, an—"

"And when I was kind enough to overlook formality and pass it to you—"

"I took it as an advance to be friends, as it clearly was, and then, when I followed it up, you cut me dead before a lot of people."

"And with questioning sarcasm."

"And then I resolved to have my revenge, fair or foul?"

"And so—"

"And so I stop you on the stairs and—"

"And?" She was almost smiling. "And take my revenge."

"There was a look in his eye which froze the blood in her veins. 'If he should? But then it might not be so disastrous, after all.'"

"Don't you dare!" she said, as he stepped nearer.

"I don't mean anything," he almost laughed. "Those who dance must pay the piper."

"And those who pass the butter must pay the piper," he bitterly.

"Haven't you been playing fast and loose with me with those eyes three times a day for a month? Haven't we been foot, when an on heartbeats be really ought to know each other as well as though we had met ten years ago?"

She bit her lips.

He looked at his watch.

"Don't let me detain you," she said, scornfully.

"I will not. Not longer than is necessary. And he came closer. She attempted to pass him. Her hand touched him. The match had touched the powder. It was purely psychic, but the concussion shook the whole house and upset the jar of prunes in the kitchen closet.

"There was a quick look of color to her cheeks, but she was happy that she anticipated the food. He was very white, not being a Sengambian, he couldn't help himself. And his temples beat furiously. The children were 'terribly themselves,' these two who had scarcely spoken. There was a moment—evanescent, psychologic, vertiginous, unutterable—a moment when the mother and father, forth be an eternity. Where, oh, where, had they met before? Oh, the haunting vagueness of times long gone before, of the immateriality of the apparent and the evanescent outreach for things yet unborn! Again, ah-h-h!"

She moved a little as a flower will move and rustle its leaves after the long calm night in a fresh morning breeze. The dew of a new day lay heavy on her eyes. But on her lips—ah-h-h!"

"Those who play with fire," she murmured, and was gone. She might have been a victim of an insurance adjuster, but she wasn't.

In silence he stooped and picked up the letter she had dropped in her flight.

MRS. ELWOOD CARR.

No. 34 West Fourteenth.

And so was her sister, Anne. The other boarders came up from dinner. But he had gone in his room and closed the door. His face was still white.

PART II.

He came in late to dinner. But his eyes didn't meet. The girl next to him passed him the butter, and his hand shook as he took it. Oh, hateful reminiscence!

"And so your sister-in-law, Mrs. Elford Carr, is coming?" the girl next to him said to the girl across the board. "That's very nice for you! It must be very trying for a young girl to be in a strange city alone."

"It is," answered the young girl, coldly.

"But what makes you so sure she is on her way?"

"I received a letter for her here last week, which, unfortunately, I have lost."

PART III.

"Why did you leave me to suffer so?" he asked when he caught her on the stairs.

But she only smiled and looked down the stairway.

"Those who play with fire," she said, "will be burnt by the flames."

"And those who pass the butter," he whispered tenderly, "often give away rank!"

Then at last they understood each other. They had come into their own, and Harold had pledged himself to be as true to her as an infinity of glorious certainties.

"The butter, dear!"—Edna McLaughlin.

Eliza was surprised.

"Squire Israel Tice was a man who had a fondness for wearing old clothes. He had that peculiar affection some men have for old coats, old boots and old hats, and he wore his garments until they were shabby that he often looked like a tramp. This was a source of no little annoyance to his good wife, and she was always urging him to 'spruce up.'"

The squire lived on a farm four miles from town, and one day when he had made a good trade in the town he concluded to surprise Eliza, his wife, by purchasing a complete new suit of clothes. When he did so, he was told by a couple of miles of home it occurred to him that he would give Eliza a double surprise. The happy thought came to him just as he drove to a bridge over the river. Night had overtaken the squire and there was no one in sight, so he stood up in his wagon, slipped off all of his faded and patched old clothes and gave them a flick into the river over the railing of the bridge.

Then the squire reached back in his wagon for the new garments, and a chill ran down his spine as he saw the suit of clothes that he had given away. He had given away the suit of clothes that he had given away.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Dennis Flynn has been down to El Reno. He was received with open arms by all.

Merrick and "Fatty" Smith were both at the committee meeting. No one saw them speak.

The first load of Comanche county wheat of the 1903 season sold last week at Temple. It brought 60 cents a bushel.

The Commercial club of El Reno, if reports are true, is having a hard time doing. No one will furnish more medicine.

That committee meeting shows where the Republicans of Oklahoma stand, behind McGuire and for double statehood.

That cyclone threatens to prove a blessing to the farmers. All the buildings leveled to the ground are being rebuilt with brick.

O. Laughlin, of Beaver, was killed in the head last week by a mule and died from the effects. The Journal heads the item, "Death Call."

Marshall is going to have a dentist of his own. Enough traveling tooth-pullers have been along to necessitate a resident of the profession.

Joe Dodson, of Enid, is to deliver an address at Marshall on the subject. The committee on arrangements is to be congratulated on its choice.

The Pond Creek Vindicator sporting editor insists on putting Pond Creek first, who then it wins the baseball game or not. This is unwarranted.

Agnes (Bessie) Mulhall is back home again for a few weeks. This will be good news to the Sunday magazine story writers of the metropolitan papers.

Bob Neff is in deep mourning. He has just discovered that there has been a cyclone pulled off in the timber southwest of Blackwell for the last three weeks.

A stray dog went through Affine last week and was on the outskirts of the town before it was discovered and the dog was mad. Consequently, no one was bitten.

The cities of Caddo county are "apportioning" in perfect order. Anadarko is to visit town on the fourth and then in return will go to Anadarko on August 6.

Pond Creek Vindicator: The Vindicator has material for a sensational story which concerns a number of Pond Creek people. We withhold it from publication by request of parties concerned.

News of a sad case comes from Marshall. A young lady was unable to scream in a runaway because, as she said, she had to hold her hand over her mouth to keep her heart from jumping out.

Lightning struck a residence southeast of Apache during the storm and tried the Santa Claus act. Another chimney will have to be provided for the Old Gentleman before next Christmas, as a result.

The Cyclone Souvenir Album, gotten up by the Carman Headlight, is a neat volume. With the ingenuity of an editor, Salter has stitched his pamphlet together on his wife's machine with more than ordinary skill.

The Alva Pioneer gives the following character sketch of Pat O'Leary: "Been against hood-lumbers, outlived in his worst forms, faced almost certain death when he had to kill Fred Randall, now defies the elements. Heaten by hail, his clothes torn to shreds by the wind, drenched to the skin by driving rain, buggy tips over, throws him out, horse and buggy (total weight, 900 pounds) falls on top of him; he crawls out, rescues his wife and spotted dog, helps horse and buggy to their feet and drives on home, is on duty again today slightly disabled but still in the push and wants to try his hand on a cyclone, boldly claiming that there is no cyclone that ever whirled and twisted itself across the golden plains of Woods county that he cannot land in jail if he can get a tip as to its location."

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

St. John's day is now.

The hall struck Conway Springs pretty hard, so the report goes. Let's see. A burning at the stake on almost the steps of the nation's capital! This should be the limit.

The Arkansas river has been up again and down again. Colorado should be summarily dealt with.

There is hope for Kansas yet. One of her liars has gone to Montana and gotten up a grasshopper story.

Arkansas City has over fifty hotels, societies and the like. The black balls should then be rolled into the river.

A joint was raised at Winfield Saturday night. This might have been postponed at least till after the Chautauque.

S. D. Pollock is said to have resigned as representative of the Fifty-fifth district. His example is a good one.

What was that little song Conway was singing about being on the high ground where the water never reaches?

The Dexter well is being "plugged" by the "Pingers' League." It is declared that it hasn't enough gas in it to raise a boy balloon.

Hutchinson is declared to be the greatest telephone town of its size in the country. There is a gas-blow to every second person.

The Wellington News objects loudly to the Ex's claim that the summer county jail is a small affair. It is misinformed, declares the News.

Hutchinson is to be treated to "Cinderella." This imposition on the people of a town, for the season of traveling stages should be stamped out.

The house of a Hutchinson divine was robbed while he was at church praying for the forgiveness of the sinners. But there wasn't much in his house.

The assessors found only \$100 in coin in the whole city of Hutchinson. The city folks' faith in the ability of the farmer to meet the expenses of county administration is indeed great.

A Butler county farmer has moved to Oklahoma and his son has joined the El Dorado band. This order is strange as the dismemberment of a family usually follows the youth's brain fever.

Mark Leve is in command of Arkansas City with the example of Chicago's big fire and its growth since then. He evidently believes fireworks the same with a town as it does with a woman's eye-brows.

Memoria Gaudin: Two large of the thirty Jews were about to fight over a girl the other night, when the girl heard of it and suggested a more peaceable means of settling the difficulty. She has arranged a plan of compromise between the two and the one which performs the best according to her judgment will be the favored one. "I Can't Tell Why I Love You."

Wellington News: Some people have suggested that the talk in this paper about the organization of the letter carriers is pure fun and not founded on fact. There is much in this suggestion, however, with the exception as stated. Last week, the postal clerk in the local office, consisting of Miss Thomas and Miss and Mr. John McGuire, obtained a charter and the well-known letter carriers' union.

This leaves Major Ferguson, Ed Seall and Zolitor Tom Jordan in a disorganized state. If the last named gentlemen are discouraged any because of the lack of a place for holding meetings, the use of the News postoffice box, double A, is hereby tendered.

Geo. Innes & Co.

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It is the story of a good and uncommon value in Fancy Stockings. A fancy line of two hundred dozen pairs from the country's leading importer at a "clean-up-price." Lisle, ribbed, colored gauze lisle, fancy stripes and black embroidered, all this season's leading numbers; every pair guaranteed a 50c value. 29c Today, 8 a. m.

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At exactly wholesale and at a price never before quoted in Wichita is the way you can buy Listerine today. We made a very large purchase to get the figure and will offer this best known vegetable antiseptic, which sells the world over at \$1.00, Today, 8 a. m. 69c

Tomorrow the season's first real good opportunity to buy White Goods.

We tell about them tomorrow morning in this paper—North Window Annex

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Phone 186

Flood Sale

Beats a Fire Sale

Store crowded all day yesterday with eager buyers. And still the goods come from the flood.

50 Pairs of Men's Pantaloons came in yesterday, only slightly damaged. You can get them all sizes in this lot. On sale after 9 a. m. today at 49c

Men's Black Satin Shirts Only slightly damaged, only one size damp. These have suit fronts. You can find all sizes in this lot. Sale 9 a. m. today at 33c

Men's Suspenders Got a little wet, but not noticeable; full length. Flood sale price 7c

White Fringed Bed Spreads Full size; about fifty left. The damage is so slight on these you could not notice it at all. Flood sale price today 98c

Men's Canvas Gloves Not hurt a bit, only a little soiled; just the thing to work in. Flood sale price today three pairs for 10c

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